

## LITTLE BUGGERS

I pluck one out, dump him into a teensy plastic cup from the new dispenser above our sink, and head for the yard. "What you got there?" drawls my dad from the chairs where he and mom hover behind sunglasses. "Chigger I think." I am working at Y Day Camp and this came from my crotch. Dad gives me a grin like I've never seen. "Well, kid. Where'd you pick up the crabs?" My mother removes her sunglasses. "I don't know, Dad. Honest. Really." Mother I think believes but wants me to shut up, before her mind changes. "Let's go out to the garage," my father says. I ask what for. "You want to get rid of those things, don't you?" He starts shaking up the Raid can. "Dad," I protest. It's 1970, Calley's going to be pardoned, Chappaquiddick's just been put on the map. The joke is, I'm still a virgin.

## KING FOR A DAY

It took forever. I figured it would. Measurements were taken. They swept off most of the broken glass.

I'd been wearing my seat belt. I wasn't bleeding.

Do you know the human face well enough to pick out the people who'd step over you on the sidewalk?

I know those. And finally, finally, I'd done something worthy of their fascination. They were in a hurry, they were all in a big hurry, but they'd slow down for me.

Damage. Major damage. I'd helped bring about major damage. That was something. You bet.

A rift in the clouds. A face shining through. Didn't you see it? Didn't you recognize it? That was Elvis, man. You hear what I'm saying? That was Elvis.

-- William Marsh

Minneapolis MN